Superstar

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52613710.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Photography, Sex Tapes, Photography Kink, Blow Jobs, Anal Sex, Clothed Sex, Daddy Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Raindrop Stories
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-28 Words: 3,472 Chapters: 1/1

Superstar

by sourweather

Summary

Nigel gets a new cell phone. Adam offers to teach his boyfriend how to use it, but they get a little distracted.

Notes

weee i love spacedogs filth <3 i wrote this back in august but it still makes my brain go brrrrr

See the end of the work for more notes

“Are you alright?”

Nigel looks up from where he’d been stabbing at his phone screen, craning his neck a bit to get a proper look at his angel. Adam stands in the threshold of their living room, watching him with a curious, concerned expression. It’s only that look that makes him realize how worked up he’s gotten, how he’s about to crush the fragile piece of machinery. Nigel huffs out a sigh, scowling back down at the stupid thing in his hands. ‘Smart phone,’ his left fucking nut.

“Fine,” he grunts. “Just trying to figure this shit out.”

“Oh, do you need help?” Adam chirps, his gentle footsteps already making their way to the couch.

Nigel runs an irritated hand through his hair, locking the phone and letting it fall onto his lap. Truth is, he does need Adam’s help with it, but he’s not keen on saying so. It’s become a point of pride, idiotic as it sounds.

Adam had offered, all well-intending, to go with him to the phone store today, happy to help him pick one out. And Nigel is well aware that Adam knows his shit when it comes to technology, but he’d said no. It was stupid, because he would've fucking begged Adam on his hands and knees for guidance if he were buying something like a television. A cell phone felt different, somehow. And it’d taken until now for him to pinpoint why.

“I’ll work it out myself.” He forces himself to soften despite his irritation, tacks on a “Thanks, though,” that sweetens things a bit.

He warms up a lot fucking more when Adam comes to stand before the sofa. Nigel can’t help but lick his teeth at the sight of him.

With no excuse to go out on his day off, Adam’s been lounging around the house all day. His dark curls are fluffy and untamed, falling in his face where he looks down on Nigel from above. He’s wearing one of Nigel’s T-shirts, a faded relic from a past life that bears the logo of some random Romanian titty bar and hasn’t been worn in public in at least five years. It hangs off Adam’s willowy frame, shapeless and worn, makes him look tiny. It hits so low on his pretty thighs that Nigel can’t even see the sinfully small shorts he knows Adam’s wearing underneath. He’s got cute little socks on, dark blue ones that creep just above his ankles.

In short, he’s the most appetizing thing Nigel’s ever seen and he’s not even fucking trying. Instantly, Nigel’s hands are itching to snatch him, pin him into the sofa and fuck his brains out.

“It would be faster and less irritating if I just showed you how to use it,” Adam argues, and Nigel tries to force some blood back into his brain. Right, the stupid fucking phone.

“I don’t want my boyfriend to teach me how to use a god damned cell phone,” he says firmly.

Adam just tips his head to the side, looking like a confused little puppy. “Why not?”

Nigel huffs through his nose. “Because,” he mutters after a moment, staring at Adam’s socks. “I don’t know, makes me feel old.”

The cushion beside him sinks under Adam’s weight, and he reaches out for the device. “You’re not old, Ni,” he says, and he might not have fucking *said* that Nigel was being a dumbass but there’s definitely a teasing note in his voice. “You just haven’t had a phone that wasn’t a burner since 2005.”

The comment makes Nigel bark out a laugh in spite of himself, and Adam grins wide and bright. He’s always proud of himself when he manages to crack Nigel up. Fuck whoever said people with Autism can’t have a sense of humor, Adam’s fucking funny.

“I really don’t mind explaining it,” he coaxes, sugar sweet, and as he does he scoots a couple inches closer to Nigel’s side. And Nigel knew all along that he never stood a chance of saying ‘no’ to Adam, but it is a bit annoying how readily he drops the phone into the other man’s waiting palm.

Adam unlocks it with a swipe of his thumb, frowning at the screen when the home page instantly appears.

“Don’t tell me there’s already a problem,” Nigel says. “All you did was open the fucking thing.”

“I’m going to help you set up a pass code, later,” he mumbles. “I know you would appreciate the extra security.”

It makes him feel a bit better, as silly as it is. Nigel knows damn well that a fucking four-digit code won’t actually do shit if somebody wants to get into it bad enough. It’s still sweet that Adam takes his privacy seriously, puts value on the habits Nigel’s had since they met. He never rolls his eyes when Nigel insists on locking their bedroom door at night, or sending Adam to work with a switchblade in his messenger bag. They both have their quirks, as far as Adam’s concerned.

“Where do you want me to start?” Adam asks, and as he speaks he looks back at Nigel. Fuck, he’s never gonna get used to that face. All these months and it still makes him forget how to do anything but want.

He glances at the apps on the screen, utterly distracted, and picks one more or less at random. “Show me how to use the camera.”

“The camera?” Adam echoes, and a crease forms between his brows. “Why would you want to learn about that? You never take pictures.”

Nigel shrugs. “Maybe I’ll start, now that I’ve got a nice camera in my pocket all the time.” He leans closer to Adam, flashing a toothy grin. “Besides, what if I want to send you a dick pic while you’re at work, hm?”

“I know what your penis looks like, Ni,” Adam argues with a slight laugh, but his cheeks turn a little pink regardless.

Adam opens the camera anyway, holding the phone up and pointing to little onscreen elements as he speaks. “There are two cameras on your phone, one on the front and one on the back. You can switch between them like this. Then all you have to do is press this white button in the middle,” he taps it, snapping a photo of their coffee table. “And it takes a picture. Here.” Adam scoots away, leans back, holds up the phone in front of Nigel.

“Smile.”

It’s an easy order to follow, with Adam behind the camera. Adam brings the phone back to his own face a moment later, looking at the picture and nodding approvingly. Fuck, he’s so adorable.

He passes the phone to Nigel. “Okay, you try.”

Nigel smirks, watching as Adam takes a breath and prepares to have his photo taken. He lifts the phone, and Adam looks at the lens with a gentle, barely-there smile.

He almost drops the fucking thing.

It’s never really bothered him that Adam has an issue with eye contact. Sure, it’s a bit of a shame that he isn’t free to stare into those blue beauties as much as he’d like, but it isn’t something he loses sleep over. Just another one of Adam’s quirks.

But Adam looks straight into the camera, fluttering his pretty lashes, and as Nigel watches through the phone he forgets to fucking breathe.

After a handful of seconds, Adam looks at Nigel’s nose instead and asks “How was that? Do you think you’ve got it?”

Nigel just stares at him for a beat before speaking, taking in his perfection all over again. “You’re beautiful,” he says softly. “You know that, don’t you, angel?”

The blush on Adam’s cheeks comes back with a vengeance, and he looks down at his lap. “If you say so,” he mutters.

“I fucking do.” Nigel stands, watching Adam through the screen as he moves to loom over him. “Like a model, gorgeous.” Adam smiles shyly. Nigel takes another picture. “Come on, give me ‘mysterious’.”

“What are you doing?” Adam asks, but he giggles. Another picture.

“Perfect, baby, now give me ‘happy’. Come on, big smile!”

Adam tosses his head back when he laughs, blushing beautifully. Fuck, he really is like a model. “Stop, Ni!”

He can’t stop tapping the button, now. “You’re a natural!”

The laughter fades, and Adam looks up at the camera through his lashes. He bites his lip, and Nigel makes damn sure he gets it on camera.

“Give me ‘sexy’,” he says, but the humor has leaked from his voice.

Adam blinks, staring wide-eyed into the camera for a moment before shyly looking away. “I don’t know how to do that,” he mumbles.

“Sure you do,” Nigel purrs. He steps closer, cups Adam’s cheek in his palm. Adam can’t help but nuzzle into it.

“So pretty…”

Nigel’s thumb trails downward, grazes over Adam’s lower lip. Almost automatically, his lips part. Another picture. His thumb dips into Adam’s mouth, warm and wet, and Adam runs his tongue over it with a soft sigh. Another.

“Yeah, that’s it…” He pushes the digit further into the younger man’s mouth, humming in low approval when Adam’s eyes flutter closed. Nigel runs the pad of his thumb over Adam’s tongue with a groan, already half-hard in his jeans over the sight. A wicked smirk pulls at his lips, he slowly drags his thumb out of Adam’s mouth and down to the button on his jeans.

He glances at the phone screen, and a word near the bottom of the display catches his eye. ‘Video’. Nigel palms at his cock, clicking the word and pressing the red record button. He watches Adam through the camera, taking in every little detail like he’s seeing it all for the first time. How Adam licks his lips, watches Nigel pull his cock out with lidded eyes, shifts a little on the sofa in anticipation. Fuck, he’s absolute perfection.

“You wanna be Daddy’s little movie star, Adam?”

It would be a tall order coming from anybody else. Adam is good at a lot of fucking things, but acting isn’t one of them. So it’s not for show, when Adam’s thighs press together in response. No, all of his eagerness and enthusiasm and fucking unbelievable sexiness—they’re all real.

Timidly, so timidly that Nigel would've mistaken him for an honest-to-god virgin, Adam nods.

Adam wraps his hand around the base of Nigel’s cock. Soft hands, hands that can be beautifully gentle or brutally efficient, depending on his mood. Tonight he’s gentle.

He leans close, opens his mouth, pokes out that adorable pink tongue. Adam licks his cock in one long stripe, from the base to the head. Again, careful to prod at where he’s most sensitive. And then, to Nigel’s very pleasant fucking surprise, Adam makes a point out of looking at the camera through his lashes once more as he laps at the tip.

“Fuck,” he breathes, and reaches out. Adam warmed up to this idea quicker than he’d been expecting. The fingers of his free hand thread into Adam’s curls, more a signal of affection than any kind of bid for control. At least, for now that’s what it is.

It almost turns into something more insistent when Adam pulls away, but he steadies himself. Adam looks up at him, fingers still around his cock. “You aren’t going to show these to

anybody, are you, Nigel?" he asks.

He hadn't even considered that. The very idea makes Nigel growl with jealousy, and Adam looks immediately relieved. "Trust me, angel," he says roughly, carding his fingers through the other man's hair. "If anybody but me ever sees you like this, I'll cave their fucking face in."

With anyone else, that promise might've been a frightening thing. A signal to get the hell out — or at the very fucking least, a mood killer. It sets Adam at ease, though, melts the tension from his shoulders. The possessiveness has never bothered Adam. Another quirk. If anything, he seems to see it as a sign of stability, a promise that this part of his life is never fucking changing. He's Nigel's, nobody else's, and they both like it that way.

Adam smiles so sweetly that it loops back around to being fucking filthy, and wraps his lips around the head of Nigel's cock. For minutes, he stays right there. Suckling at the tip, licking precome from it, laying wet little kisses over it. He strokes the shaft with his hand all the while, nice and slow, until Nigel is panting and desperate to just grab Adam by the hair and fuck his throat.

Evidently this is exactly what Adam's going for, though, because as soon as Nigel grunts out a wounded "Baby," it gets choked off with a toe-curling moan as Adam takes his cock deep into the tight heat of his mouth. Nigel makes a fist in Adam's mess of raven curls, swearing under his breath while the younger man works him over. He's thorough, hands sneaking around Nigel's body to grope and knead at his ass as the head of his cock bumps the back of Adam's throat.

Nigel's got the cellphone in an iron grip, fighting to get everything on camera. "Shit, yeah baby, that's it. I know you love taking Daddy's cock like a good boy."

Adam's eyes roll, a muffled moan buzzing its way over Nigel's length and making it throb on Adam's tongue. He's red from the tips of his ears and down beneath the collar of the T-Shirt, pretty blue eyes glazed and out of focus. Fuck, he's gone.

The realization pulls a low, throaty groan from Nigel's chest, and he tugs a bit harder at the younger man's hair. "You're fucking getting off on this, aren't you?" He asks.

Adam shuts his eyes, swallows around Nigel's cock.

"Maybe I should— nngh— should make you watch this, the next time I fuck you stupid. Make you touch yourself to it, fuck." His hips twitch, thrusting into Adam's throat. Adam's hand shoves its way between his thighs, he rubs at his own cock through his shorts. "I bet you could come just from watching yourself get fucked like this, couldn't you?"

Adam pulls away, then, gasping for air and squirming in place. When he speaks, his voice is rough and used, and he looks straight into the camera.

"N-Nigel… please."

That's all it takes. Nigel's lip twitches upward in a possessive snarl, and a moment later he's ending the recording and pushing Adam onto his back.

Adam sprawls over the cushions with a gasp, eagerly spreading his legs as soon as he gets his bearings. The bulge of his cock looks utterly fucking obscene in his cute little shorts, and Adam reaches down to palm at it with a soft whimper. Christ, he's fucking precious.

"Shorts off," Nigel growls, and Adam turns clumsy with how quickly he rushes to do as he's told. Adam's cock bobs as he kicks his shorts away, rock hard and leaking a little at the tip. The stolen shirt is bunched up around his chest, his cock resting against his pale stomach. Adam peers up at Nigel, his bent knees spread, socked feet digging into the sofa as he writhes slightly with his impatience. Nigel wants to devour him like this.

He wastes no time, taking his place between Adam's flawless thighs like he belongs there. The creamy flesh makes two perfect handfuls when Nigel grabs the other man's thighs, pushing them upward until Adam has his knees to his chest.

"Be a good boy and hold your legs like this for me, yeah?" Nigel says, and snatches Adam's ankle to press a kiss just above his sock.

Adam whines slightly as he obeys, slender hands wrapping around the insides of his knees. Nigel rears back, staring hungrily at Adam's hole. His mouth waters.

Nigel spits into his own hand. With one set of thick fingers, he presses into Adam, greedily taking in the younger man's soft moans and hitching breaths.

The other hand still holds the phone.

He starts another recording once he's two fingers deep in his darling, teasing his prostate just to watch how Adam's cock jumps. "God," Nigel groans, making sure the camera gets a good view of Adam's tight hole, his dripping cock, his blushing face. "You look so fucking pretty like this."

"Nigel," Adam whimpers, and it's the only coherent thing he's seems able to say. Left to his own devices, Nigel knows he'd be covering his face right now, but with his hands occupied he's left with no choice but to bite his lip and turn his head away.

"Gonna look even prettier when you're coming on my cock," he adds, and thrusts his fingers deep enough that Adam keens.

Nigel savors the needy little noise Adam makes when he pulls away. He spits into his hand again, films himself slicking up his cock. The camera pans up to Adam's face for just a moment, catching the details of his expression. His eyes are dark and lidded, his lips are parted and swollen from sucking Nigel's cock. He's a picture of temptation like this, and Nigel's never denied either of them a single fucking thing.

He watches through the screen when he first fucks in. Sees his cock disappear inch by inch into Adam's hole. There's something so maddeningly erotic about how it looks on camera, like he's watching the world's most immersive porno.

And if it is a porno, then Adam deserves a fucking award. As soon as Nigel's cock sinks in, Adam throws his head back with a hot, drawn-out *'Ohhh'* that makes Nigel nearly come in seconds. Nigel reaches out with his free hand, clutches at Adam's thigh, digs his fingers in hard enough to bruise.

It's almost hypnotic. Nigel fucks into Adam with deep, thorough rolls of his hips, staring at how his length gets swallowed by Adam's hole again, again. Adam's quickly turning into a puddle beneath him, all needy mewls and gasping utterances of Nigel's name. His ass is so fucking tight, Nigel's having trouble not just pounding into him until they're both sweat-drenched and sated.

Adam's clearly not playing up how hot the camera makes him, because it doesn't take long at all for Adam to get close. Nigel sees the signs— the little crease that forms between his brows, the panting rush of his breaths, the trembling in his thighs. Nigel curses, staring at Adam's straining cock.

"Touch yourself," he growls. "Come on, make yourself come for Daddy."

The words alone pull a wanton moan out of Adam, and a moment later his legs fall to Nigel's sides as he reaches for his cock. He cries out, stroking himself with a quick, steady rhythm. His eyes are screwed shut, his mouth wide open, his fringe damp with sweat.

"N-Ni," he mewls, then cuts himself off with a high, shuddering moan. "Nigel, oh God, I— Mm!"

Adam's hole clenches when he comes, milking Nigel's cock so perfectly that it makes him see fucking stars. His cum covers his shaking hand, dots his heaving stomach. He rides it out for long seconds, letting out sweet, high sounds while his entire body spasms with pleasure.

It's only when Adam falls back, looking entirely blissful and utterly fucked-out, that Nigel pulls out. Poor darling can only manage weak hum of confusion in response, watching Nigel through lidded eyes.

Nigel grunts, the camera's view wobbling slightly as he strokes his own cock. He breaks a few moments later, letting out a string of throaty curses as he comes onto Adam's ass. He films his cock, slack-jawed as he stains the other man's flesh and marks it as his own. Nigel rubs the head of his cock over Adam's still-twitching hole, watches his cum lazily drip inside. It's in the running for the hottest thing he's ever fucking seen.

It's not until his orgasm is passing, letting him catch his breath through the hazy aftershocks, that he realizes how Adam is shivering. Instantly, he snaps out of whatever lust-fueled stupor he'd been in, ending the video and tossing his phone carelessly aside. "Angel?"

Adam is staring between his own legs, flushed bright red and chewing on his lip. Fuck, he looks like he's miles away. Sometimes that's a good thing, but not always. A part of him can't help but worry, even through the afterglow. Nigel gently reaches out with his clean hand, rubs soothing little circles into Adam's thigh.

"Hey, everything okay, doll? You're shaking like a fucking leaf."

Adam swallows hard, eyes blown wide when they look up at Nigel. His face blooms into a timid grin.

“C-Can we do that again soon?”

Nigel grins back. Well, maybe cellphones aren’t the worst fucking things in the world.

End Notes

thanks so much to arrnutsss, lexicons, kmac, rose, and all of my raindrops for your lovely support!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!